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SPOTLIGHT
Cybertron's new age?
MAKING SENSE OF THE POLITICAL UNREST
INSIDE THE MIND OF A racer
Cybertron's 5 fastest
WILL WE SEE A NEW #1?
Blurr

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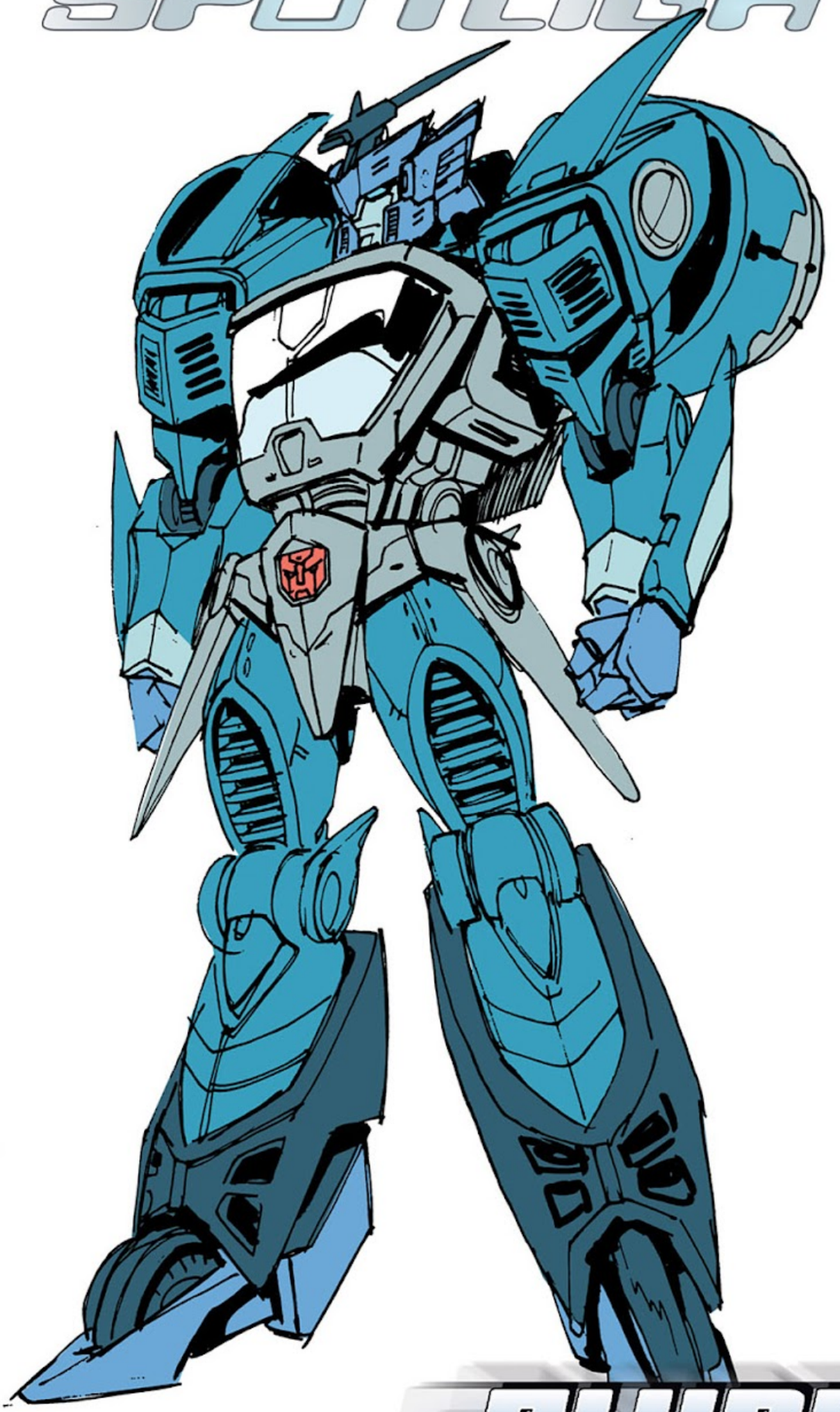
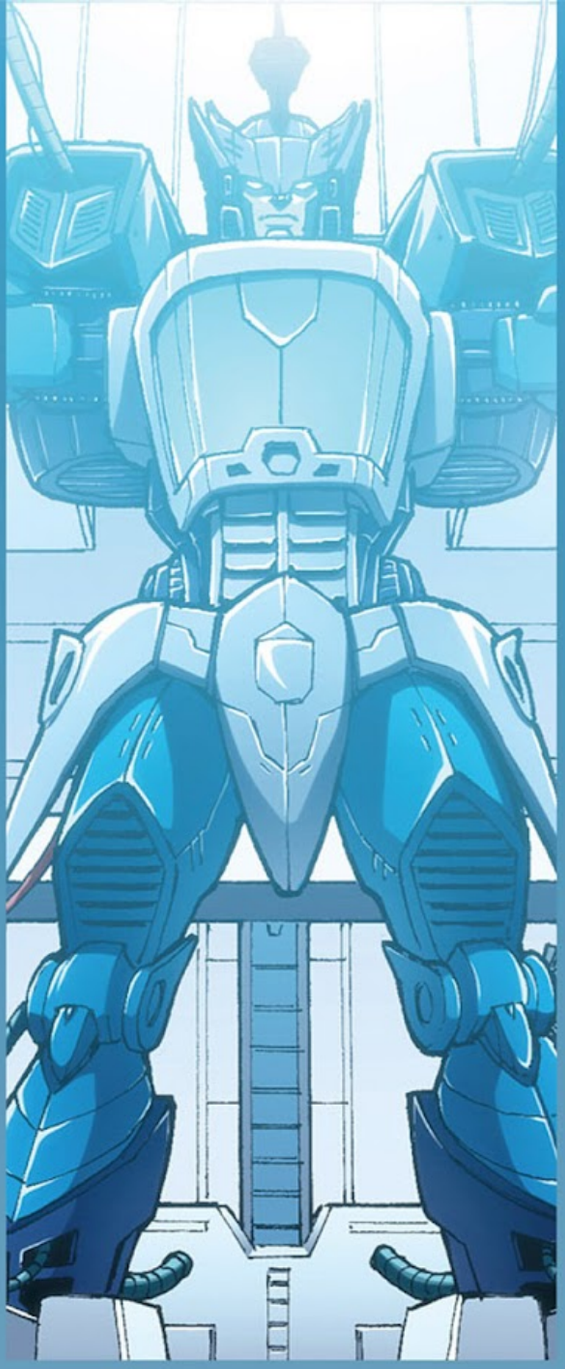
THE TRANSFORMERS SPOTLIGHT



BLURR

He is the fastest Cybertronian alive. He is glorious, unbeaten, and adored by millions. His capacity for victory is matched only by his overwhelming sense of self-belief and his all-encompassing ego. His celebrity threatens to reach heights that heretofore have never been seen. Yet, deep down, he is plagued by a need for something more.

His name is BLURR.



THE TRANSFORMERS: SPOTLIGHT: BLURR

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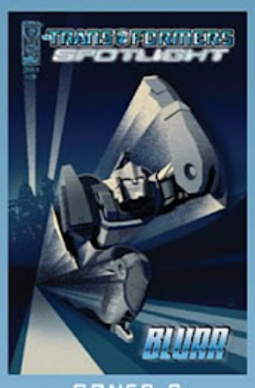

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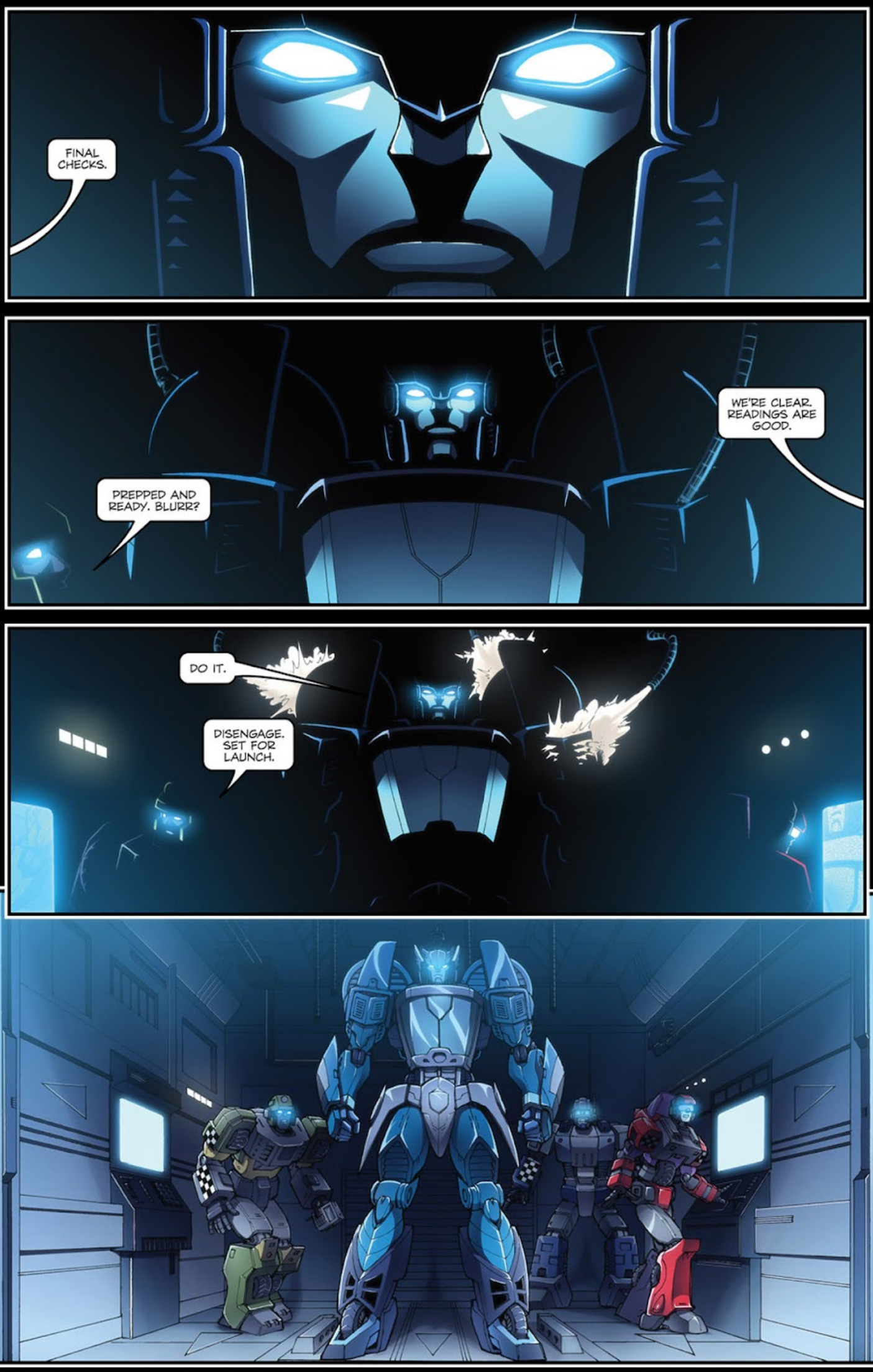
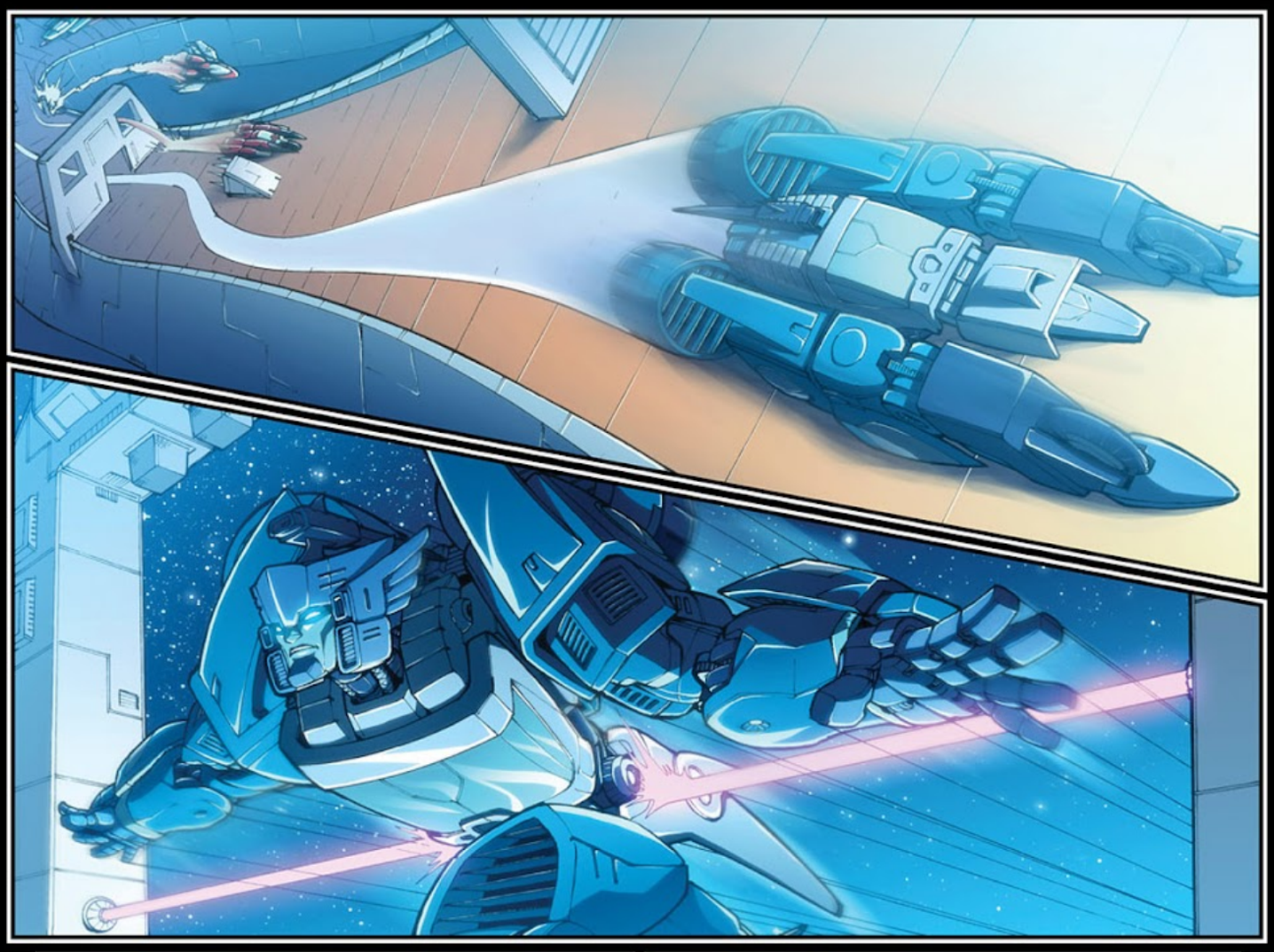
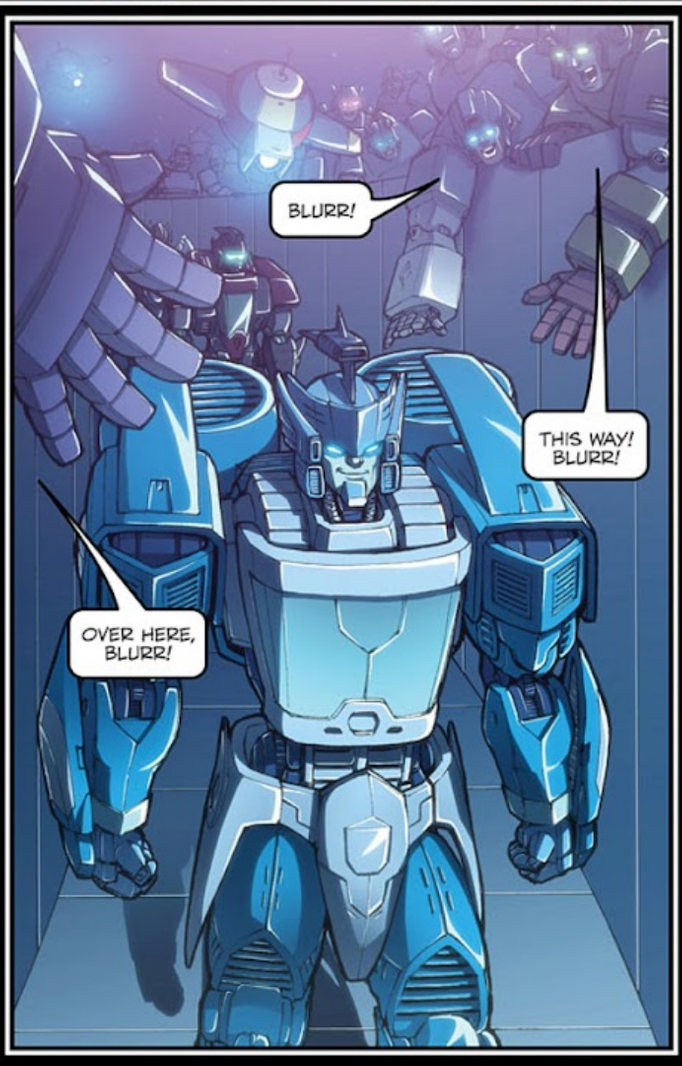
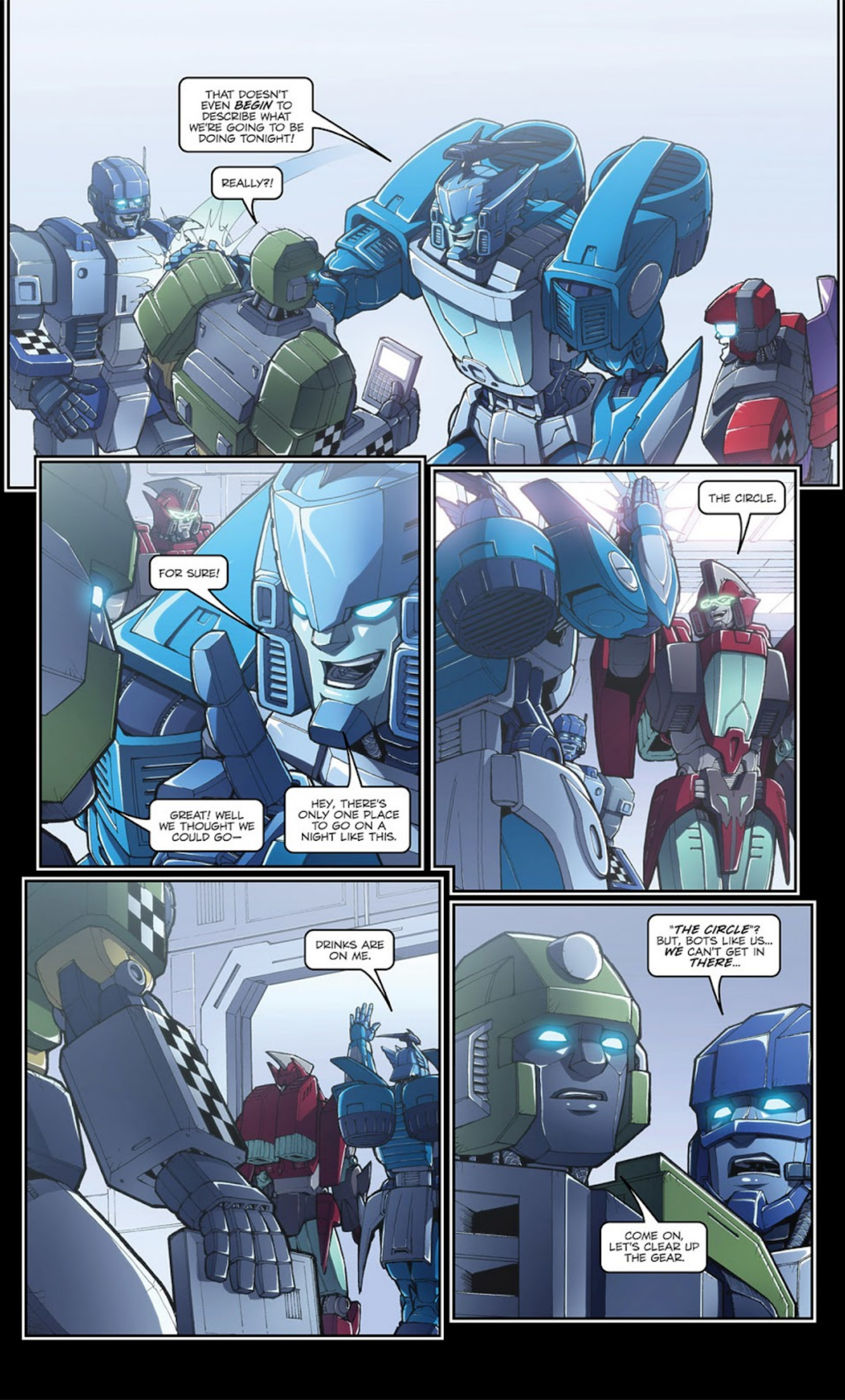

FINAL CHECKS.
PREPPED AND READY. BLURR?
WE'RE CLEAR. READINGS ARE GOOD.
DO IT.
DISENGAGE. SET FOR LAUNCH.

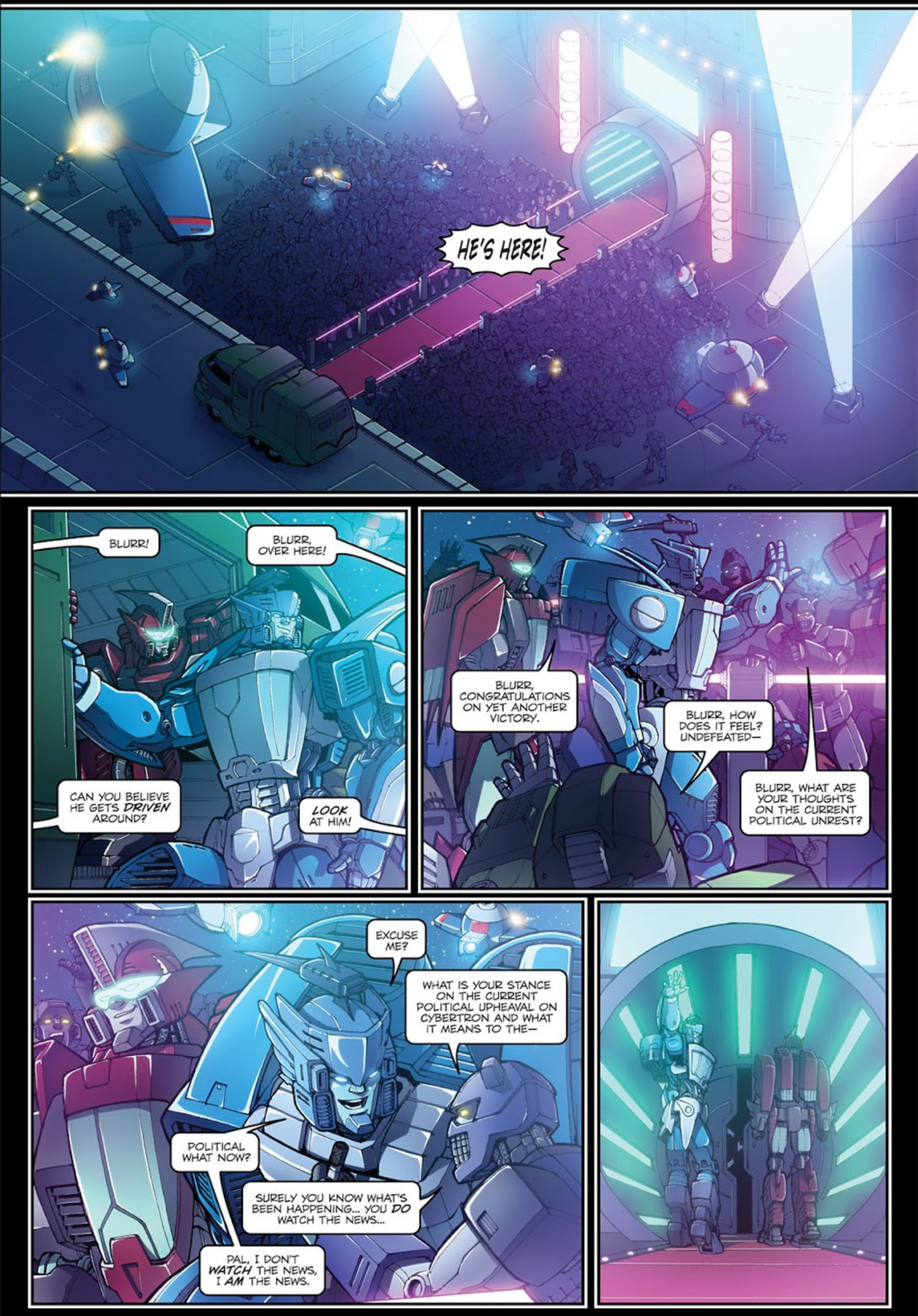


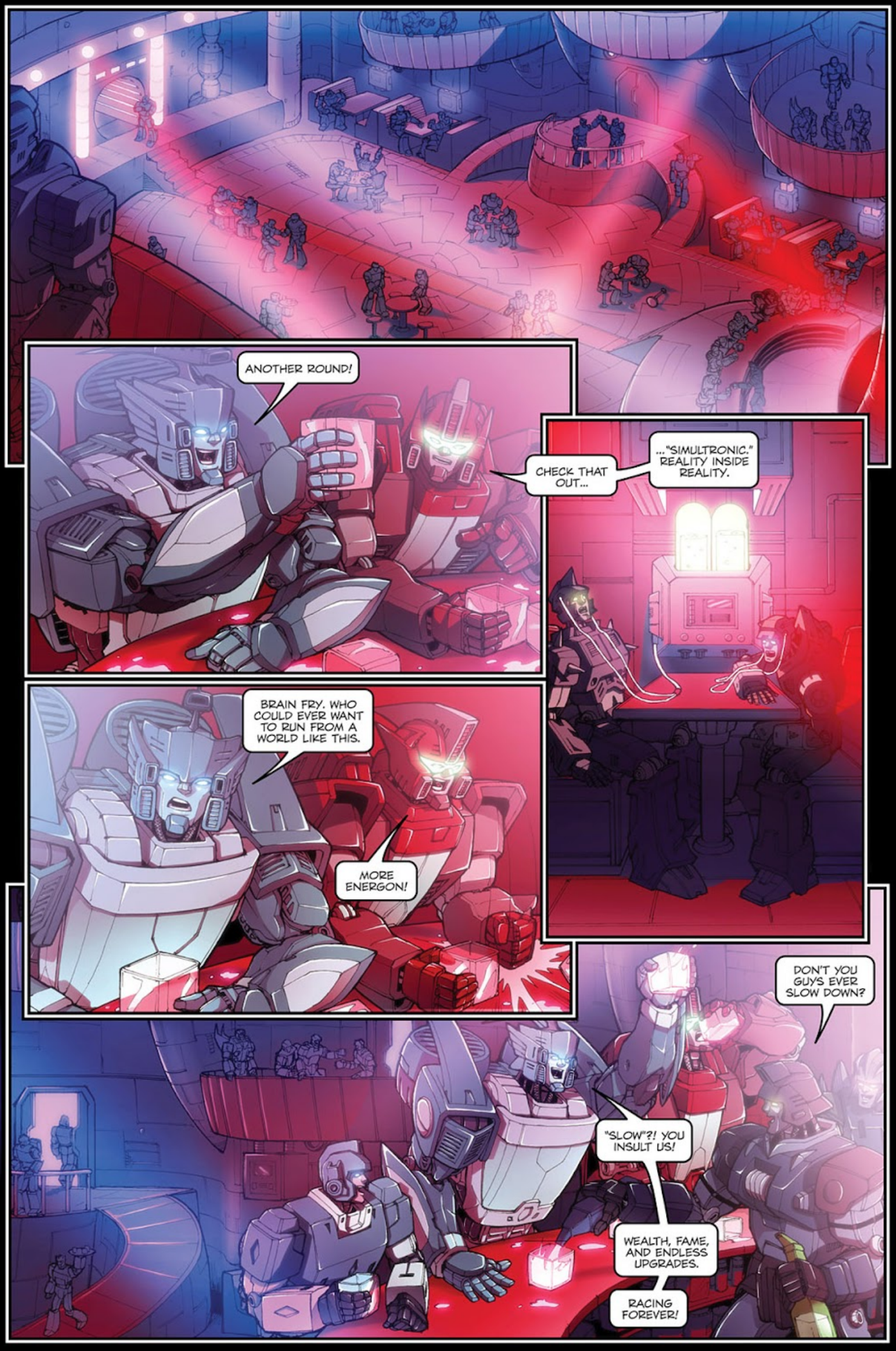
BLURR!
BLURR!
BLURR!

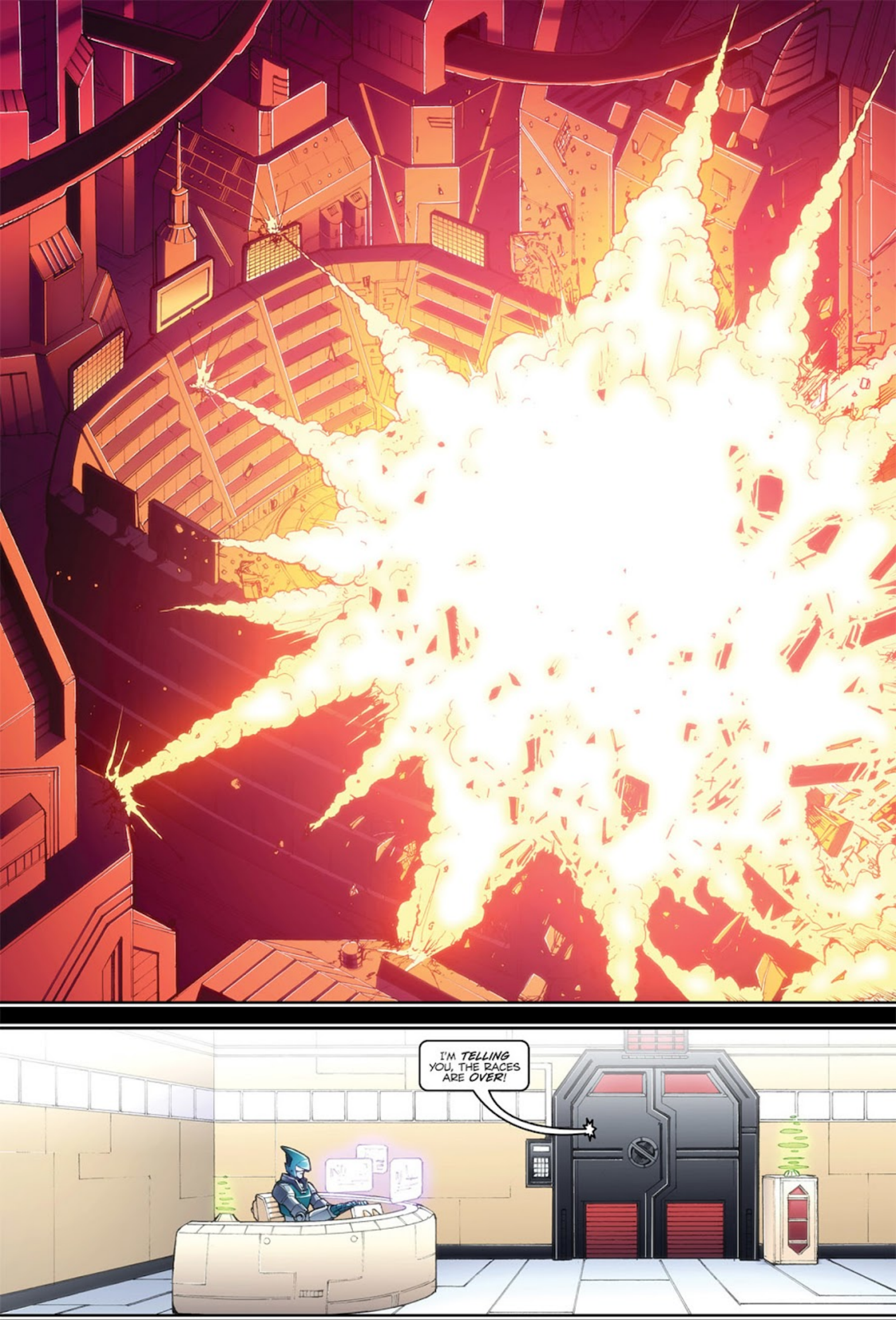

BLURR!
THIS WAY! BLURR!
OVER HERE, BLURR!

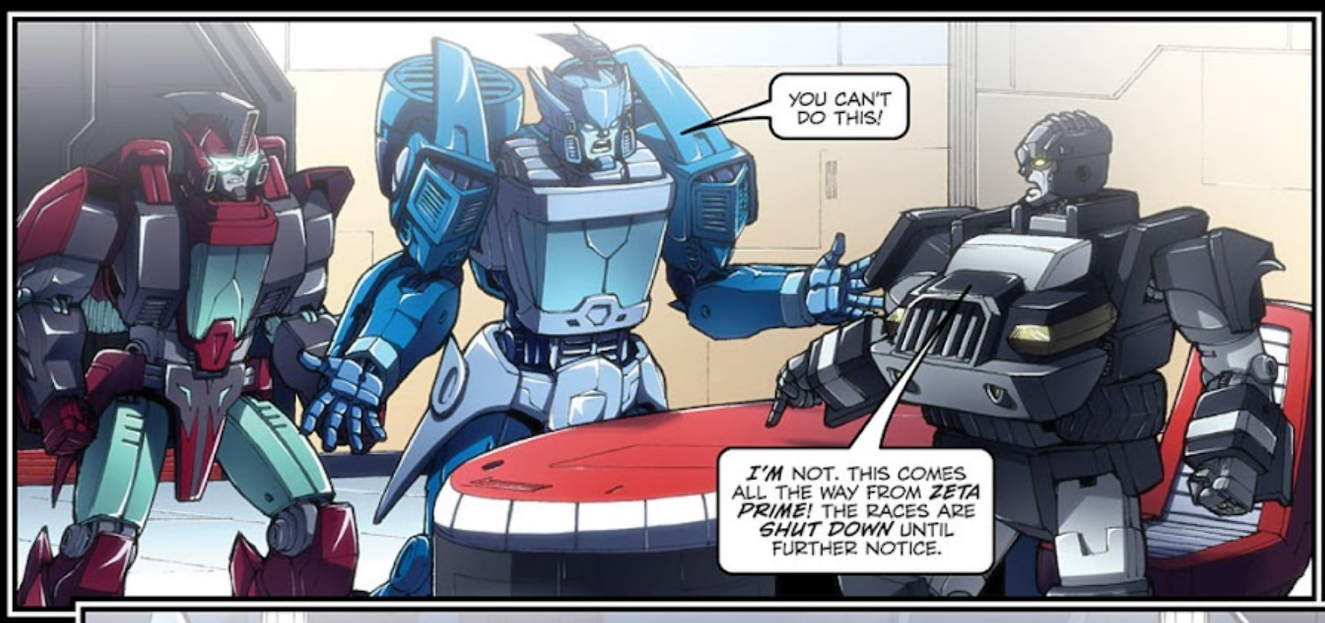
THIS IS *INCREDIBLE*. YOU'VE SET A NEW TRACK RECORD... *AGAIN*!
WON'T STAND FOR LONG.
A CHALLENGE THIS LATE IN THE GAME?
CHECK THE BOARDS, FASTTRACK. WHO'S ACED EVERY CHAMPIONSHIP THIS SEASON?
YOU, BLURR.
GOT THAT RIGHT, PARTON.
UH, IT'S *PISTON*.
SURE, SURE.
SO, UH, THE GUYS AND I WERE THINKING, WE SHOULD, MAYBE, CELEBRATE.
WE'VE ALL BEEN WORKING SO HARD AND—
CELEBRATE?!


THAT DOESN'T EVEN *BEGIN* TO DESCRIBE WHAT WE'RE GOING TO BE DOING TONIGHT!
REALLY?!
FOR SURE!
GREAT! WELL WE THOUGHT WE COULD GO—
HEY, THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TO GO ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS.
THE CIRCLE.
DRINKS ARE ON ME.
"*THE CIRCLE*"? BUT, BOTS LIKE US... *WE* CAN'T GET IN *THERE*...
COME ON, LET'S CLEAR UP THE GEAR.

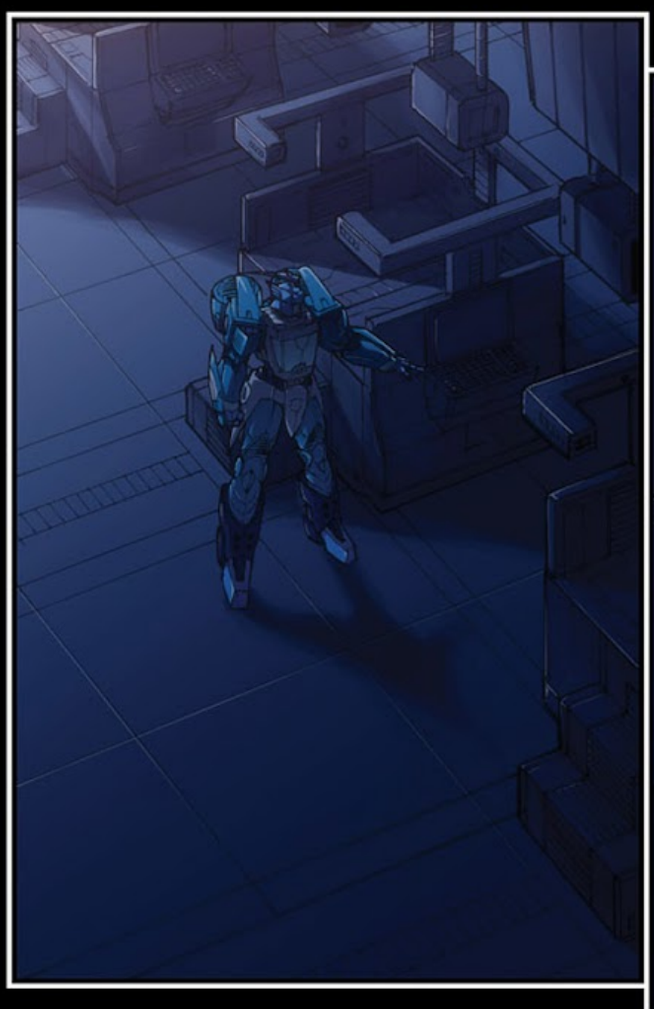

HE'S HERE!
BLURR!
BLURR, OVER HERE!
CAN YOU BELIEVE HE GETS DRIVEN AROUND?
LOOK AT HIM!
BLURR, CONGRATULATIONS ON YET ANOTHER VICTORY.
BLURR, HOW DOES IT FEEL? UNDEFEATED—
BLURR, WHAT ARE YOUR THOUGHTS ON THE CURRENT POLITICAL UNREST?
EXCUSE ME?
WHAT IS YOUR STANCE ON THE CURRENT POLITICAL UPHEAVAL ON CYBERTRON AND WHAT IT MEANS TO THE—
POLITICAL WHAT NOW?
SURELY YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING... YOU DO WATCH THE NEWS...
PAL, I DON'T WATCH THE NEWS, I AM THE NEWS.


ANOTHER ROUND!
CHECK THAT OUT...
..."SIMULTRONIC." REALITY INSIDE REALITY.
BRAIN FRY. WHO COULD EVER WANT TO RUN FROM A WORLD LIKE THIS.
MORE ENERGON!
DON'T YOU GUYS EVER SLOW DOWN?
"SLOW"?! YOU INSULT US!
WEALTH, FAME, AND ENDLESS UPGRADES.
RACING FOREVER!


I'M TELLING YOU, THE RACES ARE OVER!


YOU CAN'T DO THIS!
I'M NOT. THIS COMES ALL THE WAY FROM ZETA PRIME! THE RACES ARE SHUT DOWN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

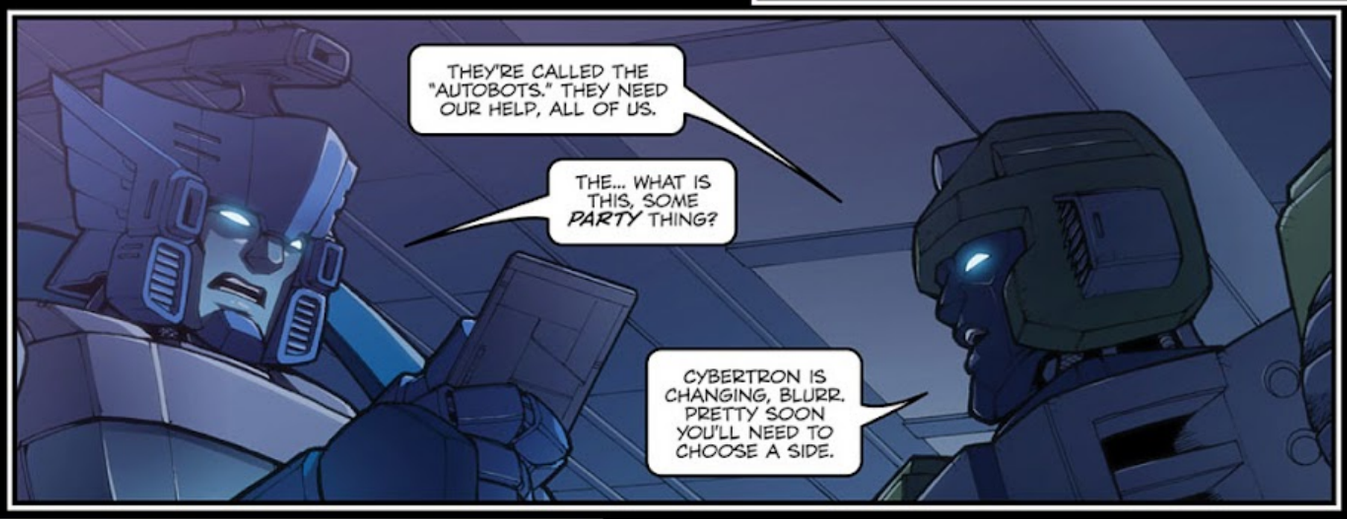
SOMETHIN' ABOUT A TERRORIST THREAT TO THE PUBLIC... SAFETY... WHATEVER. EITHER WAY, WE'RE DONE.
GET OUT OF HERE, WILL YA? MAKIN' ME FEEL BAD.



BLURR?
OH, HEY... UH...
"PISTON." IT'S OK, IT DOESN'T MATTER.

YOU'RE CLEARING OUT YOUR THINGS? YOU KNOW, THE RACES MIGHT—
I DON'T CARE IF THEY COME BACK. IT'S NOT ABOUT THE RACING ANYMORE.
HERE...

...THIS IS WHERE I'M GOING.


THEY'RE CALLED THE "AUTOBOTS." THEY NEED OUR HELP, ALL OF US.
THE... WHAT IS THIS, SOME *PARTY* THING?
CYBERTRON IS CHANGING, BLURR. PRETTY SOON YOU'LL NEED TO CHOOSE A SIDE.

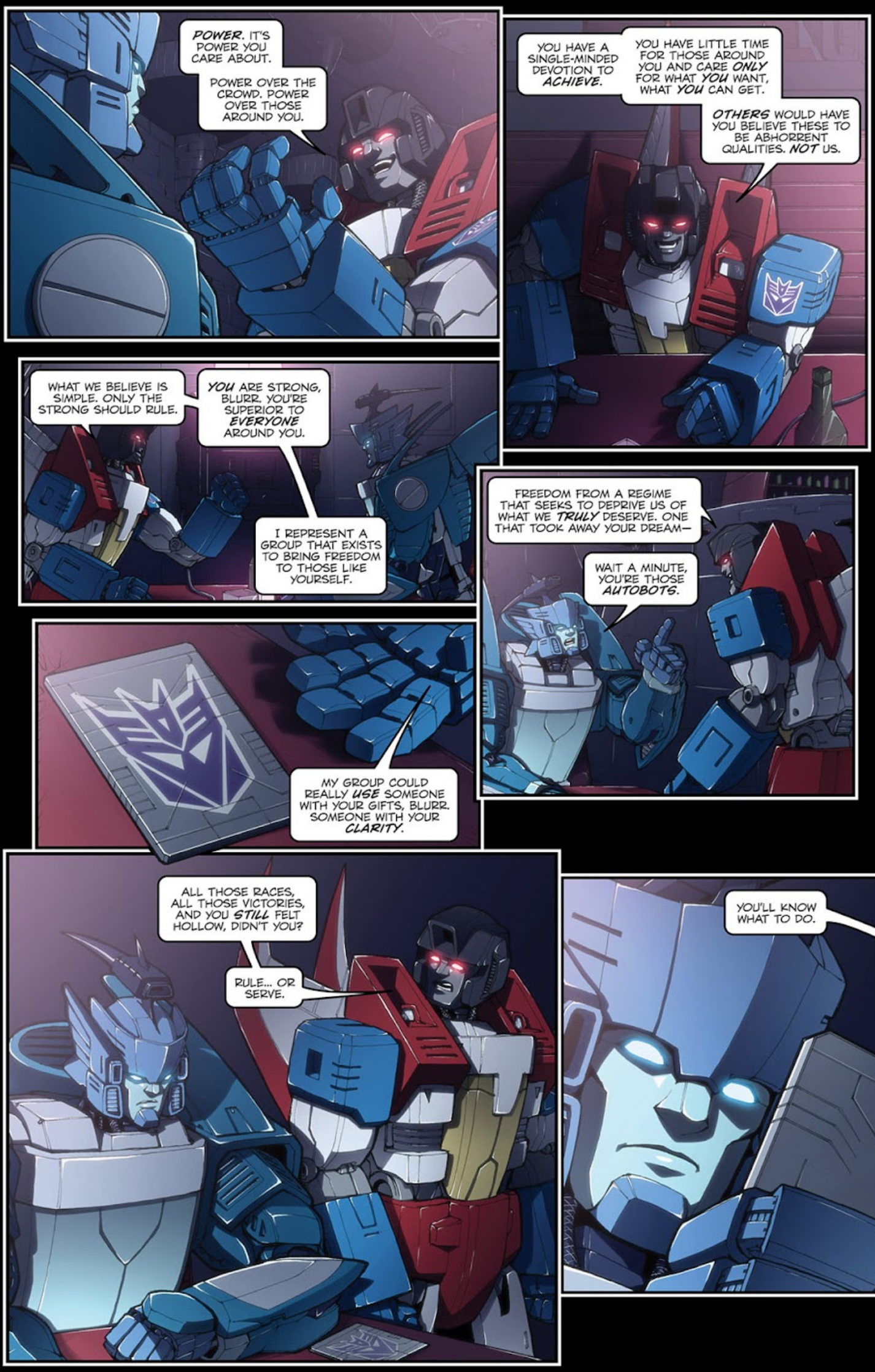
THESE ARE THE GOOD GUYS. THEY'RE HERE TO HELP.
LISTEN, I DON'T NEED YOUR ***HELP***, OKAY? OR YOUR LITTLE SUPPORT GROUPS.
THE RACES MIGHT BE OVER FOR NOW BUT THE ***PARTIES*** AREN'T. CATCH MY DRIFT?

GOOD LUCK, BLURR.

THIS PLACE STILL DEAD?
IT'S A WAR ZONE OUT THERE. HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED?

JUST GIVE ME A BOTTLE.
KNOCK YOURSELF OUT.
NOW, WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THAT?

I ALWAYS FELT *THAT* WAS THE PROVINCE OF THE WEAK, NOT THE STRONG.
WHO ARE YOU?
A FRIEND.
TELL ME, HAVE YOU EVER *REALLY* FELT REMORSE? LOSS?
LET ME PUT IT THIS WAY, HOW MUCH DO YOU *REALLY* CARE ABOUT THOSE AROUND YOU?
IF THIS IS GOING TO BE *ANOTHER* CONVERSATION ABOUT HOW *COLD* AND *ARROGANT* I AM, TRUST ME, I'VE HEARD IT *ALL* BEFORE.
FROM PEOPLE SCARED OF YOUR GIFTS, NO DOUBT.
BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL YOU, I UNDERSTAND YOU BETTER THAN *ANYONE* YOU'VE EVER KNOWN.
FOR EXAMPLE, WHAT DO YOU *REALLY* CARE ABOUT?
RACING.
JUST THE RACING?
NO.
THE CROWDS. WHEN I CAN FEEL THEM BEHIND ME.
THE LIGHTS. THE *ROAR*.
AND THAT ONE MOMENT, THAT ONE *SINGLE* MOMENT WHEN I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING REALLY MATTERS.

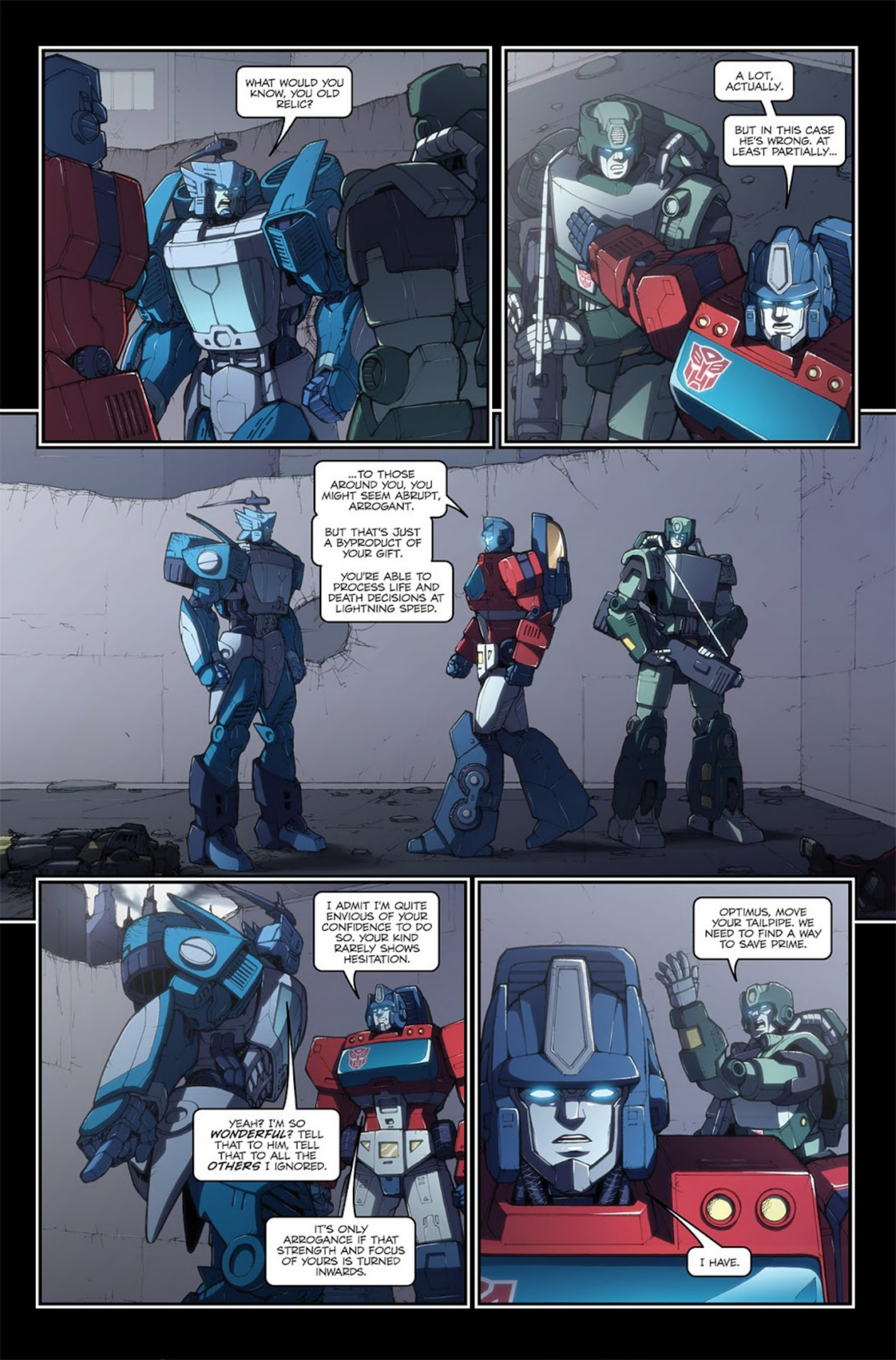

POWER. IT'S POWER YOU CARE ABOUT.
POWER OVER THE CROWD. POWER OVER THOSE AROUND YOU.
YOU HAVE A SINGLE-MINDED DEVOTION TO ACHIEVE.
YOU HAVE LITTLE TIME FOR THOSE AROUND YOU AND CARE ONLY FOR WHAT YOU WANT, WHAT YOU CAN GET.
OTHERS WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE THESE TO BE ABHORRENT QUALITIES. NOT US.
WHAT WE BELIEVE IS SIMPLE. ONLY THE STRONG SHOULD RULE.
YOU ARE STRONG, BLURR. YOU'RE SUPERIOR TO EVERYONE AROUND YOU.
I REPRESENT A GROUP THAT EXISTS TO BRING FREEDOM TO THOSE LIKE YOURSELF.
FREEDOM FROM A REGIME THAT SEEKS TO DEPRIVE US OF WHAT WE TRULY DESERVE. ONE THAT TOOK AWAY YOUR DREAM—
WAIT A MINUTE, YOU'RE THOSE AUTOBOTS.
MY GROUP COULD REALLY USE SOMEONE WITH YOUR GIFTS, BLURR. SOMEONE WITH YOUR CLARITY.
ALL THOSE RACES, ALL THOSE VICTORIES, AND YOU STILL FELT HOLLOW, DIDN'T YOU?
RULE... OR SERVE.
YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

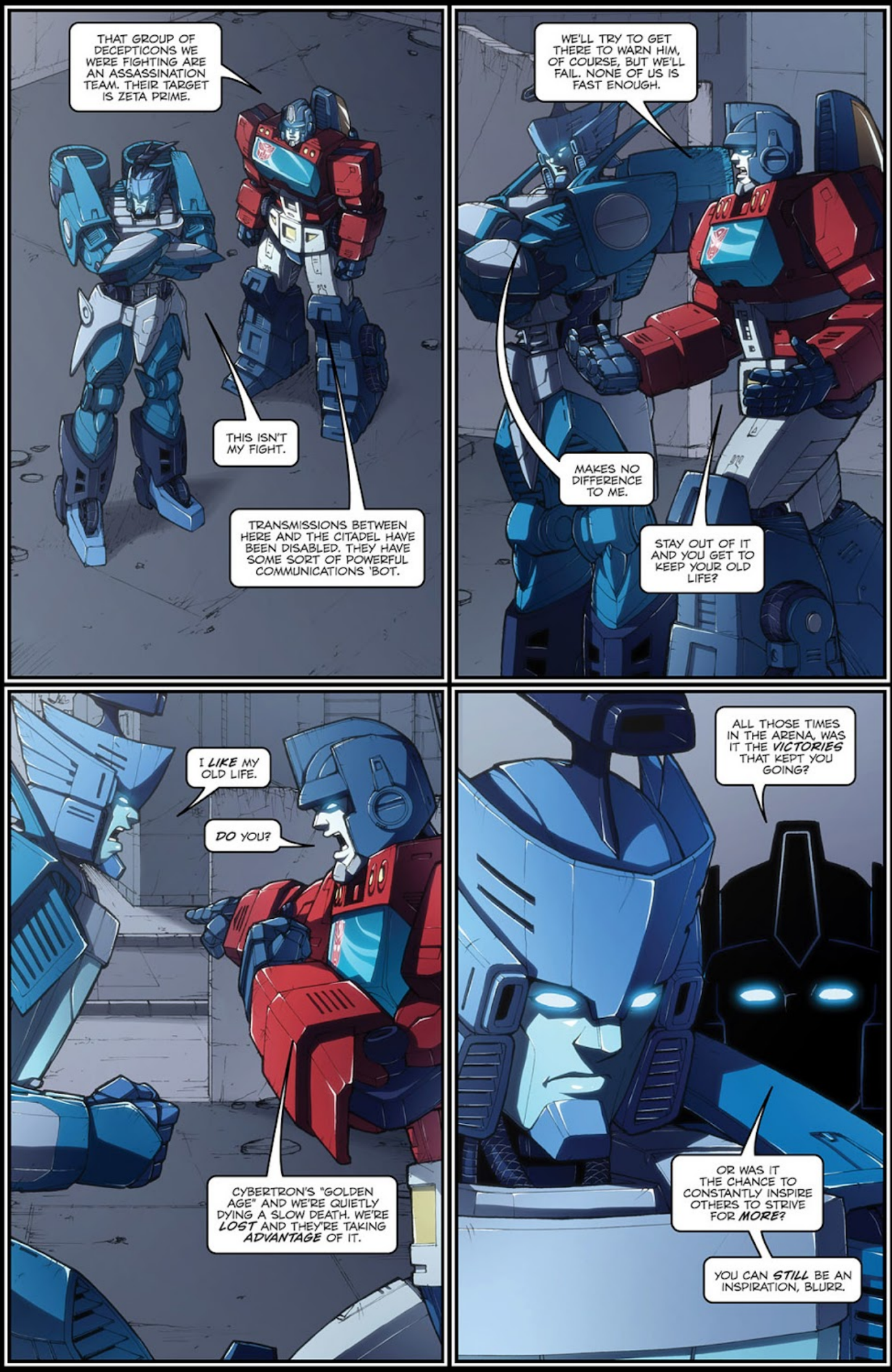
STAY DOWN!

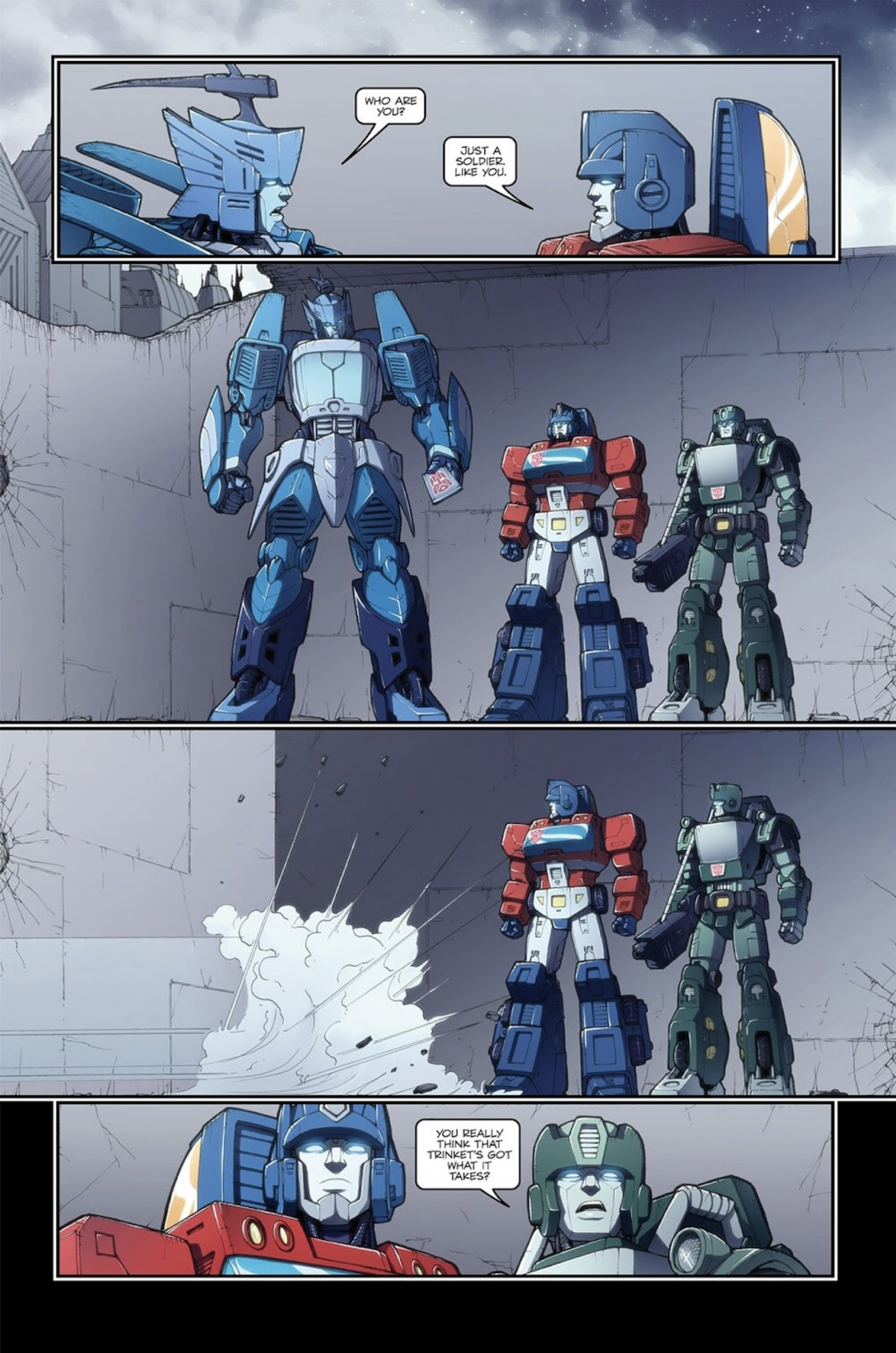
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

THEY'RE GONE. WE LOST 'EM.
SOMEBODY GET ME COMMAND!
FRIEND OF YOURS?

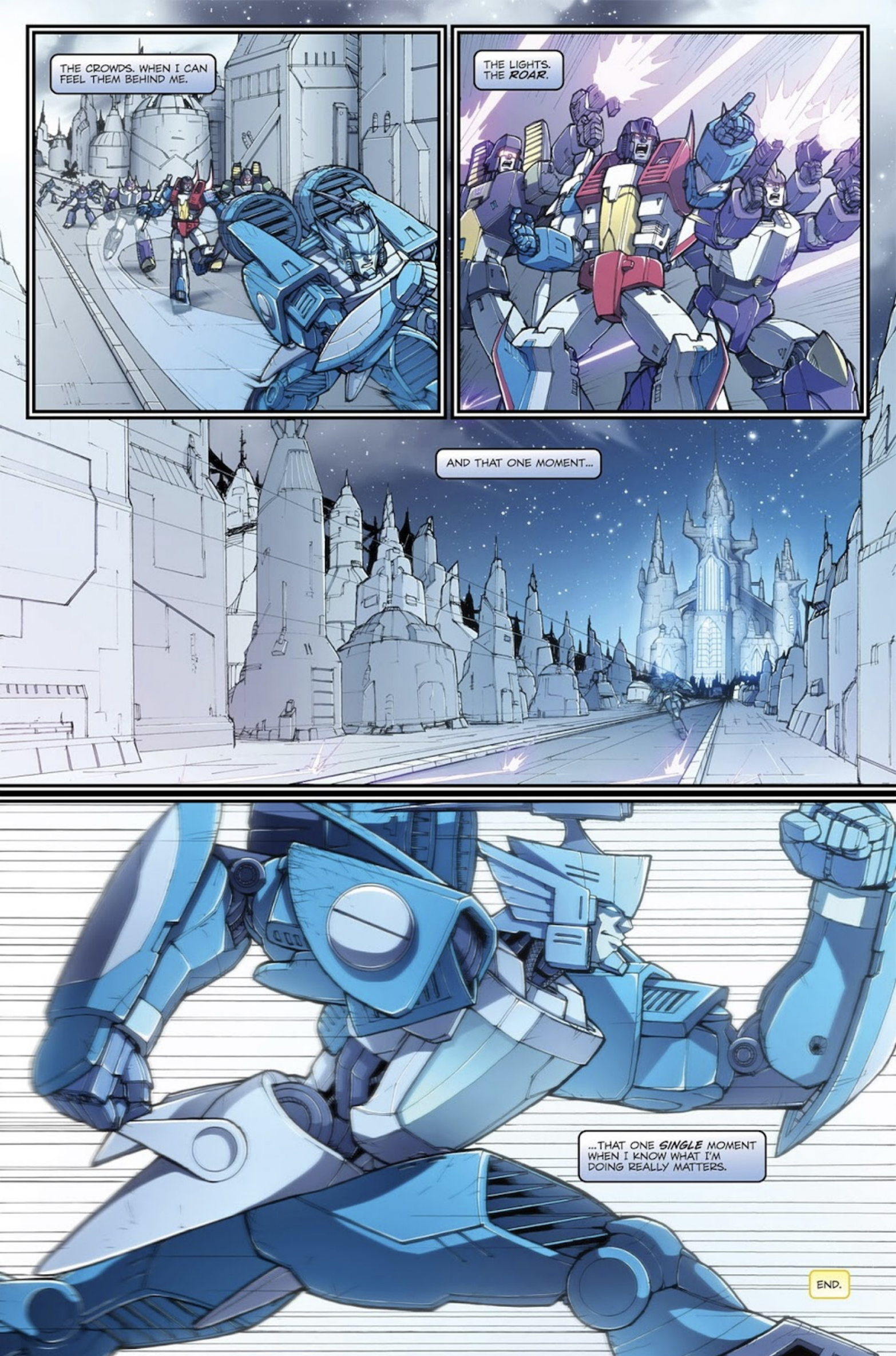
HIS NAME IS PISTON.
I KNOW. I MET HIM ONCE, BRIEFLY...
IT'S A TRAGEDY.
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE CYBERTRON HAS WITNESSED DEATH? DEATH TO THOSE WHO HAVEN'T CHOSEN IT.
YOU'RE A RACER AREN'T YOU?
YES.
I'VE MET SOME OF YOUR KIND BEFORE. YOU'RE A SPECIAL BREED.
ENOUGH! OK, ENOUGH!
I'VE HAD IT WITH BOTS TELLING ME WHO AND WHAT I AM!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, KID. THIS ONE'S JUST A PAMPERED, ARROGANT, LITTLE UPSTART.


WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW, YOU OLD RELIC?
A LOT, ACTUALLY.
BUT IN THIS CASE HE'S WRONG. AT LEAST PARTIALLY...
...TO THOSE AROUND YOU, YOU MIGHT SEEM ABRUPT, ARROGANT.
BUT THAT'S JUST A BYPRODUCT OF YOUR GIFT.
YOU'RE ABLE TO PROCESS LIFE AND DEATH DECISIONS AT LIGHTNING SPEED.
I ADMIT I'M QUITE ENVIOUS OF YOUR CONFIDENCE TO DO SO. YOUR KIND RARELY SHOWS HESITATION.
YEAH? I'M SO *WONDERFUL*? TELL THAT TO HIM, TELL THAT TO ALL THE *OTHERS* I IGNORED.
IT'S ONLY ARROGANCE IF THAT STRENGTH AND FOCUS OF YOURS IS TURNED INWARDS.
OPTIMUS, MOVE YOUR TAILPIPE. WE NEED TO FIND A WAY TO SAVE PRIME.
I HAVE.


THAT GROUP OF DECEPTICONS WE WERE FIGHTING ARE AN ASSASSINATION TEAM. THEIR TARGET IS ZETA PRIME.
THIS ISN'T MY FIGHT.
TRANSMISSIONS BETWEEN HERE AND THE CITADEL HAVE BEEN DISABLED. THEY HAVE SOME SORT OF POWERFUL COMMUNICATIONS 'BOT.
WE'LL TRY TO GET THERE TO WARN HIM, OF COURSE, BUT WE'LL FAIL. NONE OF US IS FAST ENOUGH.
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME.
STAY OUT OF IT AND YOU GET TO KEEP YOUR OLD LIFE?
I *LIKE* MY OLD LIFE.
DO YOU?
CYBERTRON'S "GOLDEN AGE" AND WE'RE QUIETLY DYING A SLOW DEATH. WE'RE *LOST* AND THEY'RE TAKING *ADVANTAGE* OF IT.
ALL THOSE TIMES IN THE ARENA, WAS IT THE *VICTORIES* THAT KEPT YOU GOING?
OR WAS IT THE CHANCE TO CONSTANTLY INSPIRE OTHERS TO STRIVE FOR *MORE*?
YOU CAN *STILL* BE AN INSPIRATION, BLURR.


WHO ARE YOU?
JUST A SOLDIER. LIKE YOU.
YOU REALLY THINK THAT TRINKET'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

WHAT DO YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT?
RACING.
JUST THE RACING?
NO.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THE LIGHTS. THE ROAR.
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END.